The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor. BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1873. Vol. I. No. 38.

The Bloomfield Record.

A LIVE

Local Newspaper.

Only $1 50 a Year in Advance.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. & E. DEPOT.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

Devoted to

LOCAL AFFAIRS,
GENERAL NEWS,
CHOICE LITERATURE,
HOME CULTURE and IMPROVEMENT.

"The Record"

Is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of THE PEOPLE.

Legitimate Advertisements

Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail themselves of its columns will find it a first-class medium, circulating as it does in the best families of Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"

Job Printing Office

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MATERIAL AND PRESSES.

We are prepared to do Promptly and in the Neatest Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING. Such as

BILL HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
HAND BILLS,
POSTERS,
PAMPHLETS,
&C., &C., &C.

Patronize the Home Office.

NEW YORK MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Fall & Winter Arrangement, Taking Effect Sep. 17, 1873.

MONTCLAIR DIVISION.

GOING EAST.

Leave Pompton 6 41 A. M.; Montclair 7 34; Bloomfield 7 40; Newark 7 47; Arrive New York 8 25.

Leave Pompton 7 57 A. M., on arrival of train from Ringwood, Wayne 8 37; Montclair 8 41; Bloomfield 8 46; Newark 8 54; New York 9 30.

Leave Montclair 7 34, A. M.; Bloomfield 7 40; Newark 7 47; New York 8 25.

Leave Montclair 9 46, A. M.; Newark 9 56; New York 10 30.

Leave Pompton Jun. 1 50, P. M.; Mountain View 2 11 Little Falls 2 22; Montclair 2 45; Bloomfield 3 52; Newark 2 59; New York 3 40.

Leave Montclair 4 50 P. M.; arrive Bloomfield 4 56; Newark 5 04; New York 5 50.

GOING WEST.

Leave New York 7 50 A. M.; arrive at Arlington 8 28; Newark 8 35; Bloomfield 8 46; Montclair 8 55 and Monks 10 40.

Leave New York at 12 M; Newark 12 43; Bloomfield 12 50; Montclair 12 57; Arr. Pompton 1 50.

Leave New York 4 00 P. M., arriving at Newark 4 39; Bloomfield 4 46; Montclair 4 50; connecting with Ulster County Express for Newfoundland, Middletown, and intermediate stations arriving at Franklin 6 23; Deckertown 6 39; Unionville 6 58; Middletown 7 28; Ellenville 8 40.

Leave New York 4 40 P. M.; Jersey City 4 50; Arlington 5 15; Newark 5 22 Bloomfield 5 30; Montclair 5 36; Little Falls 6 00; Pompton Plains 6 22; Pompton 6 29; Monks 7 04.

Leave New York 5 40 P. M.; Arlington 6 19; Newark 6 25; Bloomfield 6 32; Montclair 6 39; Watchung 6 42; Pompton Jun. 7 32.

Leave New York 6 30 P. M.; Newark 7 17; Bloomfield 7 24; Montclair 7 31; Watchung 7 32.

Additional trains leave Mountain View for Pompton and Ringwood at 8 15 A. M. and 3 25 P. M., arriving at Ringwood at 9 50 A. M. and 4 56 P. M., and Monks at 5 10 P. M.

Passenger Depots in New York foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets and Jersey City.

General Freight, Ticket, and Commutation Offices 111 Liberty St., New York.

Freight received at Pier 23, N. R., and 16 Exchange Place, Jersey City.

C. W. DOUGLASS, Gen'l Supt., N. York.

WM. H. WEED, General Ticket Agent. 111 Liberty St, New York.

DEL., LACK. & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Newark & Bloomfield Branch.

Leave B'fld.	Leave N'k.	Arr. N. Y.	Leave N. Y.	Arr. N'k.	Arr. B'fld.
A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
6 32	6 50	7 35		6 40	6 57
7 27	7 40	8 15		7 35	7 49
8 26	8 40	9 15	7 50	8 30	8 44
9 26	9 40	10 15	8 50	9 30	9 45
10 47	11 00	11 40	10 40	11 20	11 34
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
1 47	2 00	2 40	2 00	2 40	2 54
3 37	3 50	4 30	3 40	4 20	4 34
5 16	5 30	6 05	4 40	5 20	5 36
6 01	6 15	7 05	5 20	6 05	6 19
6 51	7 05	7 56	6 20	7 00	7 16
9 47	10 05	10 40	8 15	8 52	9 06

N. B. & M. H. C. R. R.

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873.

LEAVE BLOOMFIELD, Belleville Avenue, every half hour from 6 30 A. M. to 9 P. M., and at 10 and 11 P. M. ☞ The last car from Depot at Mt. Prospect Ave. to Newark leaves at 10 30 P. M.

LEAVE NEWARK, BROAD AND MARKET STS, every half hourr from 7 54 A. M to 6 54 P. M., and at 7 54, 8 54 and 9 54 P. M.

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Office open from 6 1-2 o'clock A.M. to 9 P.M.

Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western close and arrive as follows: —

TIME OF CLOSING.	TIME OF ARRIVAL.
7 A. M., and 3 P. M.	8.45 A. M., and 5.45 P. M.

The mails connect at Newark with the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and through Southern, both morning and afternoon.

Foreign mails close at 3 P. M. on the day previous to the sailing of steamer.

Stamped envelopes and news-wrappers are sold to the public.

HORACE DODD, P. M.

Professional and Business Cards.

DR. C. S. STOCKTON,
DENTIST.
(Successor to Drs. Colburn)
No 15 Cedar street,
Newark, N. J

J. B. PITT, M. D.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presbyterian Church.
Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

F. E. BAILEY, M. D.,
RESIDENCE:
C. W. JOHNSON'S, FRANKLIN St.
Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M.

JAMES HUGHES.
SURVEYOR:
OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J

THOMAS TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
BLOOMFIELD AVE.,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

P. HURLBURT,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.,
Opposite the Railroad Depot.
STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all kinds Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES
TO BE HAD AT
DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE
Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 a. m., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 p. m.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,
PRACTICAL PAINTER,
SIGN-WRITING,
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,
GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c
Corner Linden avenue and Thomas street.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
☞ All orders promptly executed.

R. LEWTY,
Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, executes Repairs of **Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles** with neatness and dispatch.
RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

SAMUEL CARL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Keeps, constantly on hand
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JAMES BERRY,
WASHINGTON AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N J.
Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also General TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JAMES ALBINSON,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
MYRTLE STREET,
Near Watsessing Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOHN JÆGER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Jan. 23—1y

SMITH E. PERRY
REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER,
BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THEODORE CADMUS.
CARPENTER AND BUILDER.
All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.
Residence, Thomas street. Shop, State street, near Liberty.
BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

R. D. BROWER,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.
WATSESSING DEPOT,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

Miscellany.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast:
They will soon enough leave your brooding care—
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret *not* that the children's hearts are gay,
That the restless feet *will* run:
There may come a time, in the by and by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for the repetition sweet
That sounded through each room,
Of "mother," "mother," the dear love calls
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy hustling in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to that beautiful golden shore
Where sickness and death come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care—
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

DRIFTWOOD.

How to get up in the world—Take an elevator.

The first piano has reached Lynn county, Minn.

A Des Moines gent wears as a "charm" the dollar he cut his gums on.

Smith thinks a dentist is the favorite operator in real estate. He relieves people of their aches.

The Elizabethan collar now worn by the ladies is ruff on gentlemen with smooth faces.

At Montgomery, Ala., in order to keep the sidewalks free from loafers they smear the adjacent curbstones with tar.

By increasing industry and attention to business a New Jersey boy has gathered a library of 600 dime novels.

An old lady thinks the *Bonds* must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of so many of them being converted.

The Titusville (Pa.) maidens agree not to purchase any dry goods after 6 p. m. They want the shops to shut up and set the clerks

A report from Salt Lake City says that George Q. Cannon, the Utah delegate to Congress, has secretly secured divorces from his three wives.

The editor being in Nebraska, the Lebanon Patriot has less original matter, and is a better paper than usual—says the Indianapolis News.

Sallie Fay, of Elmira, O., is learning the carpenter's trade; and, it is said, that every young man in that locality is anxious to become a carpenter and joiner.

A squirrel hunt is organizing in Syracuse this week, with ten on a side. The squirrels will also take sides. They will be on opposite sides of the tree.

A Western railroad conductor, after twenty years experience, concludes that he would rather carry twenty thousand men passengers than to have one lone, lorn female aboard his train.

The potato crop in Ireland is ambiguous. Accounts vary, possibly the reports partake of the nature of the fruit—some are flowery, while others are too mealy mouthed to be out-spoken.

The Ogdensburg *Journal* states that "a Wayne county stage driver who charged a blind woman double fare, and then cheated her in making change, has received an earnest appeal from Niagara Falls to come there and jog a team for visitors."

Mr. Josh Billings philosophically remarks that "we laff at sheep bekause when one of them leads the way the rest follow, however ridikulus it may be; and I suppose the sheep laff when they see us do the very same thing."

It is said that the Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all trains they can jump on while the latter are in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly. This is by all odds the most effective and economical system of dead-heading on record.

A Troy gentleman and his wife went home a little earlier than they expected to, the other night, and as they were passing the parlor windows, the half-smothered voice of their daughter was heard crying: Now don't, Charlie; just see how you have mussed my hair."

A pious, but uneducated Judge, closed a sentence with the following touching reproach: "Prisoner at the bar, nature has endowed you with a good education and respectable family connections, instead of which you go round the country stealing ducks."

And now appears the annual story from Moosehead Lake: The thoroughly complete angler pulls up his line and discovers that a white fish has swallowed his bait; a trout swallows the white fish; he swallows the trout; and the public is expected to swallow the story. One swallow does not make a summer, but the several swallows here noted are imperative conditions of every summer at Moosehead Lake.

At a public school exhibition in a Michigan village, one of the visitors made a brief address to the pupils on the necessity of obeying their teachers and growing up loyal and useful citizens. To give emphasis to his remarks, he pointed to a large national flag spread on one side of the room, and inquired: Boys what is that flag for?" A little urchin who understood the "situation" of the house better than the speaker promptly answered, "To cover up the dirt, sir.".

AN OCCASIONAL FRIEND.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver C. Burton, as their wedding cards had announced the young couple a year before, were seated at the breakfast table with an undeniable expression of discomfort upon both faces. Oliver himself, a fine looking man of about twenty-four, looked out of temper. Amy, his pretty blonde wife, looked harrassed and unhappy, but not cross.

"I wish I could please you, Olly," she said, with a piteous droop in the corners of her mouth. "I do try, if you would only give me an hour of warning, perhaps—"

"An hour of warning!" broke in Oliver, in a petulent tone; "that just like a woman. How can I tell when I am going to meet a friend I should like to invite to dinner? Yesterday for instance, I met Ned Hayward quite unexpectedly in the car, and he's only in town a few days. Of course I asked him to dinner, and found pork and beans."

"But you like pork and beans."

"But you should always provide something else. Ned detests them."

"But if Mr. Hayward had not come, the something else would have been wasted, as we all like pork and beans."

"I cannot understand why it is I always find some mortifying deficiency whenever I bring any one here to dine. Last week John Hall found nothing but mutton chops and potatoes."

"It was washing day. You see, Olly, we really cannot afford to have a company dinner every day, and—"

"There! there! always the old story. We seem to afford other things very well. I don't mind the cost. I never stint you in housekeeping funds."

"No Olly; and if you really do not mind the cost, I mind—"

"Manage it any way you like, but do let me find a decent meal when I bring home an occasional friend. There, kiss, and be friends."

Amy was willing enough to put up her pretty lips for a kiss, but after her lord and master had left the house, she carried a perplexed face for a long time. She did want her husband's home to be the most perfect spot on earth in his own eyes, and faithfully tried to make it so. But the little wife had been brought up in a family where limited income ruled all expenditures, and she qnired careful management to keep them out of debt. Debt was her horror, while Oliver thought but little of a bill here and there, having, as yet, had none large enough to be annoyance.

Amy had proved herself a treasure in housekeeping—neat, orderly and economical her husband was justly proud of his wife and his home. But his reckless hospitality was a sore thorn in Amy's side. She was glad to see his gentlemen friends, when she took an innocent pride in spreading before them her choicest cooking and daintiest dishes. But she seldom knew they were coming till Oliver put his head in her chamber door, or the kitchen, to tell her Tom, Dick or Harry had come home with him to dinner, and they were in a hurry. And it did seem to poor Amy as if an evil fate possessed Oliver to select the very worst days for such visitations. The meal that on a busy day Oliver would have eaten with a keen relish, looked poor when he saw his fastidious friend, who boarded at the—— hotel, partaking of it. And yet as Amy said, his salary did not warrant a company dinner every day.

Then there was washing day, when something must be cooked that could be quickly served; ironing days when, if they were alone, Oliver declaired pork and beans a dinner fit for a king; there were days when yesterday's big joint of meat must be eaten cold, warmed up, or be wasted; days when the range would not bake well, and the dinner in prospect had to be abandoned, and a hurried meal prepared on the top of the fire; in short, days that all housekeepers know by experience are the very last ones when they want to see strange faces at their table. Yet, if Amy was all ready on six days, and all in confusion on the seventh, it was surely on that seventh day that Oliver had a friend unexpectedly to dinner.

It was of no use to tell him in the morning; the sight of an old comrade's face drove the warning completely out of his mind.

So, on the morning whereof we have already written, Amy went about her daily duties with a heavy heart and a troubled face. But the postman left her a letter, after reading which she suddenly cleared up wonderfully, and seemed immensely relieved,

"I'll try it," she said, "Perhaps Oliver will realize them what the it costs."

But no word of her mysterious resolution passed her lips when her husband came home, nor did she allude to her letter.

There was no stranger at her table for three or four days, but she waited patiently knowing that Oliver would soon find a friend for her to make her first experiment in her new plan. She was always very careful about the appointments of her table, trusting nothing to the servant in that department, so she was not afraid of any guest finding disorder or neglect there but Oliver's idea of guest dishes had been a sore trouble to her.

"Amy, he called, about a week after the important conversation recorded, "Will Ferris has come home with me. Now don't tell me we have nothing fit to set before him.

"Can you give me half an hour," Amy asked cheerfully.

"Yes—not more. We are going to the lodge together."

"I'll be ready."

Oliver beamed with satisfaction as he motioned his guest to a seat at the table. A small turkey, browned to perfection, was the leading dish; various vegetables, a dainty selection of sauces and pickles, and a most delightful pie, finished the repast.

"I knew Amy could do it if she tried," thought Oliver, "and now that she finds I am in earnest, she will manage to give my friends a decent meal, if they are not heralded twenty-four hours in advance.

Not a week later, another friend was invited on the spur of the moment, arriving when the dinner was actually served. But Amy asked only for a few minutes, and magically there was served an exquisite repast, perfectly cooked. Again and again Oliver came home with a friend, and a delightful certainty of a good dinner. Amy Burton never complained now of his hospitality, gave his friends a smiling welcome, and Oliver found home more charming than ever.

Two months passed and an occasional friend came very often to dinner. The slight restraint Oliver had felt was quite removed by the new and delightful change in Amy's management; and yet the variety and quality of the dishes never failed. But Mrs. Burton, consulting her account book, understood that the time was rapidly approaching when Oliver must understand how this machinery is kept in order; must see where the mysterious delicacies that appeared so promptly were procured.

So, one evening, when husband and wife were enjoying a quiet tete-a-tete, the servant handed in an envelope directed to Mr. Burton, saying:

"The boy will call in the morning."

"Boyle!" said Oliver, reading the printed advertisement in the corner of the envelope; "why, it's the restaurant keeper around the corner.

"But I never owed the man a cent, and here is a bill," cried Oliver, opening the folded paper in the envelope.

"I think you will find it all right," Amy said, very calmly.

"All right!" said the amazed Oliver, "the man must be crazy. One turkey and dressing, five dollars. One lemon pie, seventy-five cents; cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes and parsnip fritters, three dollars.

"That was the day Mr. Ferris dined here, said Amy, without looking up.

"One pair of roast ducks, five dollars; currant jelly, one dollar," read Oliver.

"That was the day Mr. Hill dined here." Oliver gave a long whistle.

"So that is the way you did it."

"Yes, dear."

"Hum! quail, grouse, chicken."

"You did not suppose I procured and cooked such things at a minute's notice, did you?" said Amy, demurely.

"No—but—

"You didn't suppose they came down the chimney ready cooked, like Santa Claus gifts, did you?" she asked, still looking intently at her sewing.

"Well, not exactly that, but—

"You told me I was not to mind the expense."

"Yes, but—what is the expense? It is one hundred and twenty-five dollars!"

"Yes, but that is right. I kept an account of the items."

There was a long silence. Oliver was trying to persuade himself that it was impossible that his habit of promiscuous hospitality was really so expensive, but the items stared him in the face, and a very slight effort of memory recalled nearly every dish. Jones had complimented the lobster salad; Smith had pronounced this *pate* equal to Delmonico's; and Curtis protested he never ate such pigeon pie before.

With a deep sigh Oliver said:

"Since it is all right, I suppose I must pay it; but—was it quite fair, Amy, to spring such a mine on me? I did not realize the expense, it is true, but this bill coming in so unexpectedly will really hamper me terribly."

"No it won't, Olly. I only wanted you to understand how expensive and troublesome it is to have unexpected company. Only let me know, and I will gladly prepare for your friends, at only a small additional expense."

"But that won't pay this bill."

"No, but this will." And Amy laid before her husband three crisp fifty-dollar bills.

"Why, Amy, where did that come from?

"You heard me speak of Uncle Charles, the chaplain in the navy, who was away at the time we were married?"

"But who came home a month or two ago, you told me."

"Yes; but I did not tell you that in the letter he wrote me telling me he was at father's he sent me a check for two hundred dollars to purchase a nice wedding present."

"And you have spent more than half in turkeys and geese for my friends."

"I don't regret it, Olly, for it has given you pleasure to entertain them; but we cannot afford to keep it up. I don't want to be unreasonable; but you see now, do you not, that the habit is better broken?

"Yes, I do see it. You have brought it home to me now, Amy, and I will not vex the dearest little wife in the world again by adding unexpected company to her household cares."

So Amy lost her grievance, for Oliver gave her due notice from that time forward when he meant to invite a guest. True, it was a strong temptation when he met his friends, to run the risk and take them home, but the vision of Boyle's bill, and Amy's sacrifice of her uncle's wedding present rose before his eyes, and he gave the invitation for another day, or let it pass. For all that, he found, when the appointed day came, he cared very little for the expected pleasure, and would have enjoyed a quiet dinner and evening with Amy quite as well as the company of an occasional friend.

Happy End of a Boy's Struggle.

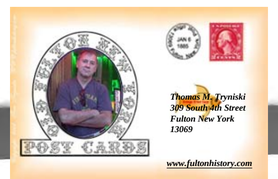
The following story, related by a San Francisco paper, is full of romantic interest: "Two years ago a widow of London apprenticed her only son to the Captain of an English steamer plying between London and India. During several trips made by the vessel the boy was very badly treated by the Captain. Not long since the steamer came to this port, and while on the voyage the lad barely escaped being killed by the Captain. On more than one occasion similar treatment was extended to the men of the crew, and during the stay of the vessel here several of the crew deserted, and induced the boy to leave also. One of the sailors, whose sympathy had been engaged in the boy's welfare, procured a home for him, with a kind lady in the southern part of the city. This lady has since provided for him, and has been as a mother to him. One week ago she saw a card in a newspaper asking for an errand boy at the drug store of Messrs. Painter & Calvert, corner of Clay and Kearny streets. She brought the boy to the store herself and, [illegible] him to the store next day.

He has been working there for the past week, and has attended to his duties so intelligently and faithfully that the proprietors have been highly pleased with him. The other morning he received two letters from London, one from his mother, and the other from a lawyer employed by the executors of his grandfather's estate. These letters inform him that through the decease of that relative he has been made the sole heir to £50,000 or $250,000. They also inform him that in a few days money will be sent to pay his passage to London. He says he will retain his place in the drug store till that money comes, and he was as diligent as usual during the day. He is fourteen years of age, and apparently deserving in every way of his good fortune."

Stephen Girard's Memory.

"Stephen Girard," says a writer in a Philadelphia paper, "had a remarkable memory, seldom forgetting anything to which his attention had once been called. As an instance, when in 1793, his ship Voltaire was built, laborers were scarce, on account of a fever raging at the time, and Girard personally assisted his favorite carpenter, 'Jimmy Humphries,' in driving in the copper bolts which held the breast-hook fastening in the bow. In 1812, during the war, the Voltaire required repairing, and it was overhauled at Kensington. It was necessary to remove the copper bolts which held the fastening, in order to replace some wood-work, and it became necessary to know whether the bolts had been riveted from the inner or outer side. The same carpenter, Humphries, was assisting in the repairing of the vessel, but was unable to find the bolt-heads. Girard, who was was standing near, smiled quietly, noticing which, Humphries asked, rather jokingly, "Perhaps you know something about them, sir?" The old man laughed, and said: 'Why, Jimmy, don't you remember that hot afternoon in '93, when you and I put in those bolts? The starboard ones are riveted from the outside and the larboard from the inside.' Through all the whirling memories of that wond rful head, the old man's mind has gone back to the simple incident of nineteen years before, with perfect accuracy."

A ride on the Bleecker street (New York) horse car shows some odd sights. There is one on a large clothing house in Crosby street which reads: "Clothing sold at Home st prices." And many persons wonder where there is a Home st, only to find that the word honest had misled them. Another sign in Beekman street reads, "The Gold Heating Company," which also puzzles the passer-by. After many conjectures as to what the company heat gold for, an inquiry in the office develops the fact that a Mr. Gold is the proprietor of a furnace. An Elm street saloon keeper has for a name Dunmeyer. Not an easy name for Christians to call at a distance.



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Fulton New York
13069
www.fultonhistory.com